

THE  
B U C K.  
A P O E M.

---

*Vice with such Giant Stride comes on a main,  
Invention strives to be before in vain ;  
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong.  
Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.*

POPE.

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THE

B U C K



M E O P A

Noes wifes wife Gmre Shiree wafer or wafer  
Institution of the Royal Society  
London March 1 1865 sent by a friend

Post

10 MARCH 1865

## B U C K

### T H E

# B U C K.

### C A N T O T H E F I R S T.

**I**N such a wild licentious Time,  
When *Virtue's* branded as a Crime ;  
And happy in sweet Self-applause,  
To Seats of Innocence withdraws ;  
Far from nocturnal Orgies lewd,  
Blasphemous Mirth, and Clamour rude :

B

Should

Should th' unresisting Muse, afraid  
 To combat for the sacred Maid,  
 Retreat with drooping Wing, before  
Fell Riot's execrable Roar;  
 Nor turn a single Shaft to throw  
 Against the loud insulting Foe;  
 Her ancient Claim, to be the Friend  
 Of *Virtue* and her ~~Laws~~ would end.

And yet I tremble to survey  
 The Terrors of the dangerous Way:  
 For modest Youth like mine, must dread  
 With unexperienc'd Feet to tread  
 Where ambush'd *Critics* take their Stand;  
 A gloomy, oft a partial Band:  
 Whose ready Censure will, I fear,  
 In Words like these salute mine Ear.  
 " Decent Reproof, or Precept sage,  
 " Becomes the Gravity of Age;  
 " But Youth views Life with Folly's Eyes,  
 " Too careless to be early Wise;  
 " Desist



The B U C K.

3

" Desist then, nor a Path explore,  
" Where Multitudes have fail'd before.  
Tell me Ye Censurers, could you  
Struggling with adverse Currents view  
Some Friend, whom the deceitful Wave  
Seduc'd his careless Limbs to lave ;  
Nor plunge into the foaming Tide,  
Tho' weak your Arms, the Torrent wide ?  
The World your Enterprize might blame,  
Your Friendship their Esteem would claim.

Attend then, BRITISH Youths ! nor fear  
To meet a furious Satyrift here :  
For to my calm didactic Song,  
No harsh Severities belong ;  
The Muse would rather wish to charm  
With Mildness, than with Storms alarm.  
Ingenuous Minds, where Virtue's Seeds  
Were planted ; (choak'd perhaps by Weeds ;)  
Have ever with Attention hung  
Upon Persuasion's honied Tongue :

Severe

## The B U C K.

Severe Reproach and clamorous Rage  
Enflame whate'er they would assuage.

When, far from the deceitful Crowd  
Of Riot, dissolute and loud ;  
The Mind can judge by Wisdom's Rules,  
Not the false Glos of Knaves and Fools ;  
When with no fev'ish Passion glows  
The Tide of Life, but gently flows ;  
No fierce Desires, with tremulous Start,  
Convulsive rend the throbbing Heart ;  
No wild Ideas, frantic Train !

Darting like Meteors thro' the Brain ;  
But when the Soul, serene and clear,  
Of brightest Eye, of nicest Ear,  
Determines with Precision due,  
Upon false Reasoning and true :  
The Prayers of Virtue must be heard,  
If in this transient Calm prefer'd,

The Muse may in a vicious Mind  
Such Intervals of Reason find :

When

When the undeluded Maniac views  
How false the Pleasure he pursues ;  
With what unvarying ceaseless Pains  
This Course of Folly he sustains ;  
How desperate the Race he runs,  
How glorious the Path he shuns.

O then may the Celestial Maid  
Exert her salutary Aid !

Before the Grape's Circean Juice  
Lets all the Throng of Passions loose ;  
Distorts the Powers of the Soul,  
And in wild Uproar whelms the Whole.

Ye Sons of Mirth, who flush'd with Pride  
Push more flegmatic Souls aside ;  
Think not, that chill'd with awkward Dread  
Upon Life's crowded Stage to tread ;  
Pedantic Gloom involves me round :  
Dull Sire of Apathy profound !  
Or that next Neighbour to the Sky  
Frantic I stalk in Garret high ;

Pursuing some Aerial Scheme,  
 More childish than an Ideot's Dream :  
 Then, in mere Impotence of Spleen,  
 Condemn what I have never seen ;  
 And leave Society, to stare  
 At my own Castles in the Air.

New to the World, I join'd a Throng  
 Who trip'd in flowery Paths along :  
 My dazzled Eyes were caught awhile  
 By Pleasure's <sup>te</sup>metricious Smile ;  
 In gentle Dalliance lost, the Day  
 Unheeded wing'd it's rapid Way,  
 Till Virtue with superior Charms,  
 Unloos'd me from the Wanton's Arms.  
 'Twas then, that of myself ashame'd,  
 To sober serious Thought reclaim'd,  
 My retrospective View I cast,  
 Abash'd, upon the Moments past ;

And

And turn'd with Blushes from the Plan  
On which my erring Course began.

Content with Ignorance no more,  
I sought for Learning's genuine Ore :  
And oft amidst the pleasing Toil,  
Repair'd the wasting Midnight Oil ;  
Happy such Vigils to prolong,  
Till the Lark tun'd her Matin Song.

Thus, wise Experience have I known,  
Nor rest on Theory alone.

Time was, a modest Blush would break  
Frequent upon the Stripling's Cheek ;  
*Virtue* the native Glow supplied,  
Nor *Impudence* to shade it try'd :  
But modern *Bucks* would scorn to name  
That meanest of all Cowards, *Shame*.

In

**The BUCK**

In vain then to a brazen Age  
The Muse unfolds her sacred Page;  
Unless some few of softer Mind,  
Remain th' audacious Throng behind,  
And haply by her Picture taught,  
(Tho' faint the Colouring, rude the Draught;) See Vice and Virtue, as displaid  
In clearest Light, or deepest Shade.

**CANTO**

See him, wedged tight  
 Lord of the earth, of all the world,  
**CANTO THE SECOND.**

**O**f old, in our Fore-fathers Days,  
*Virtue* possest her Share of Praise.  
*Mothers* were then content to find  
 Their Darklings could adorn the Mind;  
 Nor wish'd them early to express  
 A Taste for Elegance in Dress.

Our modern Youth are sagely taught,  
 To spurn what graver Fools call *Thought*;  
*Mama* with tender Forecast cries,  
 " This Learning will but spoil his Eyes;  
 " Can all the Greek and Roman reading  
 " Teach him a System of polite Breeding?  
 " Can Mathematicks lead him thro'  
 " A Minuet regularly true?  
 " And as for Poetry; — pray know it  
 " I never wish my Son a Poet!"

D

Thus

The C B U N G S T

go

Thus little Master taught betimes  
That Learning is the worst of Crimes,  
Soon knows some wicked Jest to crack,  
Which may torment the *Man in black*,  
Soon laughs at those who steal away  
(Dull Souls!) of Afternoons, to pray,  
And leave, to be in Time for Church,  
The Quadrille - Party in the Lurch,  
How smiles *Mama* to hear her Brat  
Flash off his Repartees so pat!

Still, as Life's Circle moves along,  
Reason grows weak and Folly strong:  
Convinc'd that all Things go by Luck,  
Freethinker he becomes and Buck;  
Believes Religion a mere Trade,  
For canting Knaves to live by, made;  
And sneaking Ties of Wrong and Right,  
Were fix'd, old Women to affright.

End

D

See

## The OBUACK.

xx

See him, with his nocturnal Band,  
Lord of the frantic Revelling stand;  
Deal round the Bumper flowing o'er,  
And damn the Wretch that drinks no more.  
Some, wallowing in the mingled Stain  
Of Arrack, Burgundy, Champagne;  
To stronger Heads resign the Fight,  
And lose the Triumphs of the Night.

Exulting o'er the mighty Dead,  
Whom shattered Ruins wide bespread,  
He the surviving Heroes leads,  
Bold Veterans to hardier Deeds.

But let the echoing Garden say,  
What Prowess modern Bucks display,  
Above the sneaking Feats we're told  
Of reptile Bloods, in Times of old;  
When Scowerers and Mobocks laid claim  
To all the Flattery of Fame.

Too

bna

Too sure, the bashful Muse in vain  
 Her ineffectual Voice would strain,  
 The Conquests of the Buck to tell;  
 How Chairmen fled, how Watchmen fell;  
 What Poet could in Colours true  
 Paint what besotted Madmen do?  
 Whether with various Glory crown'd,  
 He sinks o'er, wearied to the Ground,  
 While treacherous Tipstaffs view the Foe,  
 Once insolent, at length brought low;  
 Whether some Vagrant of the Streets,  
 With wanton Smile the Victor greets;  
 And lulls him on her flaccid Breast  
 To transient Dreams of feverish Rest.

Thus by continual Madness lost,  
 To Reason, Fame, and Virtue lost,  
 The Buck, tho' Friends tho' Parents plead,  
 Rushes thro' Life with impious Speed.  
 His Soul, once active heavenly Flame,  
 Grows torpid, ignorant and tame;

And

But when the Microbe's power  
And from the mould'ring Tablet of fate  
The Traces Memory's Pencil made,  
Languishing o'er his Morning Tea,  
This Victim of Intemperance see;  
Who scarce with trembling Hand can fill  
The Draught, to wash down last Night's Pill,  
His Blood no more its Course maintains,  
Thro' the nice Filaments of Veins;  
The Way where acrid Salts impede,  
Forcing the Current to recede;  
Which stagnating upon the Heart,  
Mocks all the Vigilance of Art.  
But let the Muse, with friendly Veil,  
His dreadful Close of Life conceal  
All Human Kind a sacred Tear  
Will drop upon the good Man's Bier;

But when the Wicked are brought low,  
Heav'n has our Blessings for the Blow:  
Not the gay Circle; where, before,  
He set the Table on a Roar;  
Laugh'd at the Parson's holy Leer,  
His grave Rebuke, his Brow severe;  
And smil'd contemptuous on the Fools  
Whom Superstition makes her Tools:  
Regret him with Affection true,  
Or mourn his Loss as Friends should do.

Some one perhaps, with social Claim,  
Pours the Libation to his Name;  
Then wishes for the dear deceas'd,  
To tell his Stories of the Priest;  
To criticise upon the Wine;  
And sneaking sober Wretches fine:  
Cuts short the Story with a Sigh,  
And gravely adds that all must die;  
Then damns Reflection as sad Work,  
And wisely draws the other Cork.

O Ye! that with such wayward Strife  
Cut short the Purposes of Life;  
Indignant of the virtuous Ease,  
More placid Bosoms which may please:  
Hold ye for this your frantic Plan,  
(Avow'd the Foes of God and Man;) H  
That such Encomiums may be paid  
To your unhappy guilty Shade?

**CANTO**

Howe's biswvw dñst dñw tñt tñ Y O

### C A N T O T H E T H I R D.

**H**OW fall Life's Blossoms (oft we cry)  
Scarcely matur'd before they die!  
Slowly the tender Buds unfold,  
Nip'd soon by Age's pinching Cold;  
Autumnal Storms the Branches shake,  
And Summer Suns short Circles take.

The Disputant in *Vice's School*,  
Will argue by th' inverted Rule;  
He bids Time shake the lagging Sands,  
For Life hangs heavy on his Hands:  
*Reason*, dull Moralist! may show,  
That Years in swift Succession flow;  
That Death soon finishes the Score,  
Quick-rapping at the Debtor's Door;  
Let Age this King of Terror shun,  
He'll meet the Dart at *twenty-one*.

Such

Such are their *Trophies!* such the *Claim* and *Power*  
These Sons of Riot lay to *Fame*:  
Theirs is the *Boast*, with impious *Hand*,  
To burst each tender *social Band*;  
To trample upon *Virtue's Laws*,  
And triumph o'er her suff'ring *Cause*.  
Fair Science, and the blushing Nine,  
No Wreath shall for their *Memory* twine;  
But *Satire* on the guilty *Throng*  
Pour all the *Thunder* of her *Song*.

When first Life's uphill Path we tread,  
(Our tiptoe Steps by *Childhood* led;)  
The Soul how innocent and light!  
Rob'd in unfullied Virgin-White!  
Then trip we o'er the flowery Way,  
In jocund Dance and mimic Play;  
No vicious Hopes the Mind convulse,  
No guilty Transport swells the Pulse.

Thro' Life behold the virtuous Man  
Preserve unchang'd this glorious Plan;  
Pure intellectual Pleasure chuse,  
And the gross Joys of Vice refuse.  
No Friendship with a Croud he seeks;  
Her Laws such wild Disorder breaks,  
Where Noise and Emptiness abound,  
Lewd Healths and impious Jests go round:  
No social Tie the Compact binds,  
Between corrupt and sensual Minds;  
Who range thro' *Pleasure's* mazy Bower,  
Associates of a frantic Hour.

He, from among the wiser few,  
Selects a faithful Friend or two;  
With whom, from busy Crowds retir'd,  
From glittering Toys by Fools admir'd,  
From the false Splendor of the Great,  
And wrangling Ministers of State;  
Far to some rural Cot he flies,  
Sequester'd from all vulgar Eyes.

There

There Temperance at the Feast presides ;  
And Reason the sage Converse guides, <sup>Blood</sup>  
In Summer, held beneath a Shade <sup>in bid bna</sup>  
By ancient Elms and Beeches made, <sup>Is now dead</sup>  
What time the Sun with sloping Wheels <sup>will 10</sup>  
Is hovering o'er the Western Hills, <sup>just out bna</sup>  
And Eve refreshing Breezes calls <sup>jud. abnā bna</sup>  
From off the neighbouring Water-falls. <sup>is refuge</sup>  
Nor, if to Trifles they descend, <sup>and from aA</sup>  
Severer Study to unbend :  
Is wanting some enlivening Tale, <sup>Tell</sup>  
O'er the long Evening to prevail ;  
If Winter, shrunk with icy Chill, <sup>all. ends tell</sup>  
Commands the social Glass to fill. <sup>in Rhoce wine</sup>

Thus pass they Life's unclouded Noon, <sup>will 10</sup>  
And think not Eve arriv'd too soon ; <sup>also end W</sup>  
Their Sun (impair'd his Morning Blaze) <sup>as Tis sA</sup>  
Still with mild Lustre sheds his Rays, <sup>soft end W</sup>  
And lights them on the downhill Way, <sup>wise end W</sup>  
While Age precedes in Mantle grey. <sup>Gentilis G</sup>

Should

THE BUCK.

Should *Conscience* hold her faithful Glass ;  
 And bid in decent Order pass,  
 Each several Action, which the Mind  
 Or saw compleated, or design'd ;  
 Pleas'd the fair Series she reviews,  
 And finds but Frailities to accuse ;  
 Irregular Starts, which she may blame  
 As Errors, but not Vices name.

Let Fools then count it Pain to think ;  
 And drown the reasoning Soul in Drink !  
 Let them, like mere Machines of Clay,  
 In Riot waste their Life away ;  
 Weak Puppets ! danc'd by casual Wires  
 Of impure Joys and rash Desires ;  
 While calm my placid Minutes roll,  
 As Life moves gently to the Goal :  
 While shelter'd in her humble Bow'r,  
 Where blooms Content, perennial Flow'r !  
 Guiltlessly indolent, the Muse  
 Her artless Harmony pursues.

*Criticks !*

*Criticks!* permit her Name to live :  
Her Youth, her Enterprise forgive,  
If thus she ventures to expand  
The Canvas; and with daring Hand  
(Weak tho' her Skill, her Frigate small)  
A cautionary Buoy let fall,  
Which may perhaps to heedless Youth  
Inculcate this repeated Truth.

“ On *Pleasure’s* Sea, tho’ Vessels gay  
“ Wanton along the liquid Way ;  
“ Tho’ laughing *Cupids* spread the Sail ;  
“ Tho’ *Zephyrs* breathe the tempting Gale ;  
“ Trust not its dangerous Smiles, but know  
“ That treacherous Quicksands lurk below ;  
“ While Calms but lull your Care asleep,  
“ Till Hurricanes invade the Deep.

Type B U C K

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Curious & brilliant per Name to live :  
Her Youth per Enterblye Tongue  
It thus use accutnace to express  
The Causes ; and with disting Hony  
(Wear the per Gun, per Fidele fress)  
A cautiousy Body let fall  
Whiche may perhaps to proceede Yonc  
Inconscicte thus rebected Jarr.

" On Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> 1765, Vellies Bay  
" Watson shewd the  
" Top, inscrib'd City of the  
" Top, Zappas pictric the rounbning City;  
" This not the rounbning City, but from  
" The rounbning City, which per  
" Wplic Canes per full howt Cane syces  
" Till Hurricane invades the Deep.



